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The BYSTANDER

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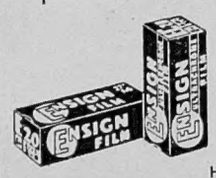

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The Bystander

Anthony

"Gone With the Wind" Wafts Vivien Leigh to Glory

If it rankles that California comes to Wimbledon and takes our cups away, we have now the consolation that London has gone to California and taken theirs away. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has just made its awards; and the two for the best star performances of the year, Hollywood's coveted "Oscars," went to Vivien Leigh, daughter of a cavalry officer in the Indian Army, and to Robert Donat, a Mancunian. His was for *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, hers for *Gone With the Wind*, which she got into by winning the Scarlett O'Hara stakes from a field of highly-favoured American fillies. Vivien Leigh, née Hartley, was unknown six years ago, made her reputation in *The Mask of Virtue*, was signed by London Films, made numerous pictures for Korda. The name she has carried to glory is that of her husband, lawyer Herbert Leigh Holman. He divorced her this year, citing Laurence Olivier (Hamlet to her Ophelia at Elsinore in 1937) as co-respondent. And Laurence Olivier, divorced by his own wife Jill Esmond, has married Vivien Leigh in America. She is twenty-six

The policeman on duty *greeted Dr. A. V. Hill on his arrival at the Houses of Parliament as Cambridge University Burgess. Dr. Hill, F.R.S., got in by a majority of 4454 out of the 15,226 B.A.s' votes cast by post (41·9 per cent. of the electorate), beating a fellow physician, Professor J. A. Ryle, who stood as Independent Progressive. Mr. Pickthorn, Cambridge's other Burgess, and Sir J. G. Kerr, Scottish Universities, introduced the new member*

Colonel Kermit Roosevelt *was appointed, as expected, commander of the British contingent of the international volunteer force in Finland, was getting 150 volunteers a day (four here) last week, of an average age of thirty-one. Colonel Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt and president of the Roosevelt Steamship Company, came to England in the first place to fight Hitler, now switches his crusading spirit to Europe's other aggressor. In a broadcast last week he said: "It is not a question of communism or fascism—these are mere words. What threatens the world is the force of evil. I said we needed a modern crusade, and that crusade is being launched"*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

WITH the position of Turkey becoming steadily more and more important, it suddenly occurred to me how little anybody knows in this country about Turkey's Treaty position. So I took the trouble to look up the clauses in the Convention of Montreux which relate to the Dardanelles. In wartime, if Turkey is not fighting, warships of the non-Black Sea Powers to a limited tonnage are allowed through the Straits for a maximum period of five days. In wartime, if Turkey *is* fighting, she has the right to scrap all the rules laid down at Montreux for the passage of warships, and make any new arrangements she likes. She is also allowed to scrap the rules if she "considers herself to be threatened with imminent danger of war."

THE bombing of the Domala was perhaps the worst thing which the Germans have done since the sinking of the Athenia. The machine-gunning of the passengers when they were in the boats and were clinging to rafts was in the best tradition of Boche murder tactics. Surely after that performance, no one is going to quarrel with me and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Douglas Reed when from time to time we resuscitate the word "Hun" to apply to these gentry.

THERE is a shortage of French scent in London. I am not certain whether there is an actual embargo on the importation of it, but, in effect, it seems to be working out as if there was an embargo. This seems all wrong at a time when we should be encouraged to buy as much as we can from our French ally. It is just as important for us to keep French industry going as it is to keep our own.

THE Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries has issued a leaflet telling you how to catch eels, if you are so disposed. Apparently the eel industry in this country has gone steadily downhill, and we now import large supplies from the Continent. The eel is one of the most mysterious of all creatures. At a certain time of the year, all the eels in the world suddenly go off to a spot in the Atlantic, where they breed and die. The young eels then come swimming with astounding accuracy to the same places that their parents lived in. Another mystery about the eel is that no Scotsman will touch one. But no Scotsman has ever been able to explain why.

A FORTNIGHT ago I remarked that I could not follow Mr. D. N. Pritt's legal mind when he referred in the House of Commons to Finland as a "foreign State," and Soviet Russia as a "friendly State" in the same sentence. Mr. Pritt writes to me to point out that he was only using the actual wording of the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, about which he was trying to get information. The public, therefore, is now able to witness one of the most impressive spectacles of modern times—the spectacle of one Old Wykehamist raising his hat and apologising courteously to another Old Wykehamist. If it was my old school chum Mr. A. P. Herbert, it would be a different matter, but to Mr. Pritt I raise my hat in the finest style of Wykehamical manners.

THERE are few sights so pathetic as the boredom of the soldiers, especially the Canadian soldiers, who find themselves in London on a Sunday afternoon. They drift aimlessly about the streets, gazing at the buildings, and bored to distraction. If ever there was a tomfool regulation, it is the one which prevents cinemas from opening on Sunday afternoons in wartime. It might even be possible to open them for troops in uniform only. The present situation is a disgrace to the country.

THE battle of the publishers continues to rage furiously, the point at issue being whether to raise the prices of books or not. Almost all the publishers

The president-elect *of the Federation of British Industries greeted his French opposite number, the President of the Confédération Générale du Patronat Français, at the beginning of the Anglo-French industrial talks sponsored by the F.B.I. and approved by both Governments. The former is Lord Dudley Gordon (right), an engineer by profession and brother of Lord Aberdeen; the latter is M. René Duchemin*

Mr. Sumner Welles *used Switzerland as stepping-stone to the Reich on both his way in and way out—travelling up the Rome-Berlin ex-axis not over the Brenner Pass but via Zurich and travelling out again via Basel. The American Minister to Switzerland, Mr. Leland Harrison, joined his chief at Berne and travelled with him to Lausanne, where this picture was taken, Allied journalists hastening to point out that the Secretary for State looked tired after visiting Germany. This week sees him in London, for which visit Ambassador Kennedy arrived just in time*

agreed some time ago on a raise. The notable exceptions were Messrs. Macmillan, Constable, Hamish Hamilton, and the Cresset Press. Mr. Victor Gollancz signed the agreement to raise prices, and now has changed his mind and has decided to lower costs instead. At least one publisher that I know of has gone even further in the other direction, and has raised the prices of books which were published long before the war, and which were in stock.

In wartime, famous men die almost unnoticed, although one or two are of such outstanding fame that the public pauses for a moment to shed a tear. I can remember two cases in which the posters of the evening papers forgot a war for a moment—W. G. Grace and Victor Trumper. Last week, E. F. Benson died, who made himself famous suddenly at the age of twenty-six with his novel *Dodo*, and also Arnold Dolmetsch died, who devoted a lifetime to old music and the making of old musical instruments.

The black-out and the evacuation have hit the small shopkeepers in urban districts very hard indeed, and in addition they are trying to cope with steadily rising rates to pay for A.R.P. In the Willesden area in North London there have been almost five hundred cases of non-payment of rates in the last few months, not because the shopkeeper in that area is a bad citizen, but because he simply has not got the money.

My espionage system in the Midlands reports that there is a growing uneasiness in Birmingham over the number of Irishmen of military age who are drifting into the area to work in the munition factories. These men, of course, are exempt from the Military Service Acts, and they are taking the places of men who have been called up. Birmingham naturally remembers what happened in Glasgow during the last war.

The enemy on the Vandal Front have scored a notable success in Hatton Garden. One of the most historic Jacobean houses in London is to go. The ground on which Number 78, Hatton Garden was built was formerly occupied by the town house and gardens of the Bishop of Ely. Queen Elizabeth bought it and gave it to Christopher Hatton, the "Dancing Chancellor," who figures in Sheridan's *The Critic*. Mr. Puff says: "Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton. You 'll know Sir Christopher by his turning out his toes—famous, you know, for his dancing. I like to preserve all the little traits of character."

Hollywood is waking up again and is displaying a good deal of confidence in the future of the film industry. They have restarted their amiable habit of paying whacking sums of money for the film-rights of successful novels and plays. The top line so far is the thirty thousand pounds which M.-G.-M. have paid for *The Philadelphia Story*, which they have bought for Katharine Hepburn.

Mr. Gene Tunney contributed a very interesting article the other day to the *Saturday Evening Post* in which he compared Joe Louis to some of the great boxers of the past. He thinks that John L. Sullivan was not in the same class; that Jim Corbett would have out-pointed him by sheer footwork; that Bob Fitzsimmons would have beaten him; that Jack Johnson would either have out-pointed him or fought a draw; and that Dempsey would have beaten him. With his characteristic modesty, Mr. Tunney says nothing about himself in connection with Louis.

While I was in the middle of compiling this incomparable page I heard the B.B.C. boys playing one of their little whimsy games. A man was describing a figure and challenging a lady to say what figure he was talking about. He then proceeded to give a long and laborious description of a cricketer with a bat in his hand, going out to play. One of his points was that this batsman was wearing white sandshoes. Anyone who tries to bat against fast bowling in white sand-shoes is apt to take up chess or draughts in future. But then, the B.B.C. is inexhaustible in its nonsense.

There is a superb story in Mr. E. C. Bentley's autobiography (which Messrs. Constable have just published). A barrister was labouring a point in his argument to unnecessary lengths. His opponent, a friend of his, wishing to save time, scribbled a little note and gave it to the usher to be laid in front of the orator. The usher by mistake gave it to the Judge. After the barrister had sat down, the Judge handed him the note with a bland smile, saying: "I think this is meant for you." It contained the words, "Sit down, you ass. Can't you see the old —— is with you?"

An Engaged Couple in the March Sunshine

A niece of the Queen, the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon announced her engagement ten days ago to Lance A. P. Robinson, and they were photographed together in the garden of her parents' home in Sussex. She is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Glamis, of Shovelstrode Manor, East Grinstead, granddaughter of the Earl of Strathmore. Her elder sister, Cecilia, married Kenneth Harington just a year ago, and she has two brothers, one in the Scots Guards, the other in the Black Watch. Her fiancé is in the R.A.F.V.R.; he is the only son of the late Captain P. B. Robinson, 9th Northumberland Fusiliers, and Mrs. E. L. Dimond, of Ladywood, Seal, Kent

Spring Comes to England

Our seasonal pictures come from Devon, where the lamblike entry of March tempted the wild daffodils into flower and sped the farmer in getting his seed into the red earth. Above, in a field near Bishopsteignton, two horses draw a Kent plough; below, on the banks of the Teign near Steppes Bridge—favourite haunt of anglers—two girls pick from a host of golden daffodils

Social Register

WEDDING

Mr. Jim Lawrence and Miss Elizabeth Corcoran

Walter Woollard (Jim) Lawrence is the eldest son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence, of Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, Herts. Elizabeth Corcoran is the only daughter of the late Major William Corcoran, and Mrs. Alec Sykes, of 28, Eccleston Street, S.W.1. They were married last week at the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

FINLAND FILM PARTY

Mr. Robert Montgomery, the Countess of Abingdon

Robert Montgomery sat next Lady Abingdon at Dr. Tancred Borenius' special showing of the "March of Time" film of Finland

Archduke Robert, Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal

Right: Archduke Robert of Austria and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal met and talked at the Finland Fund party. He is the younger brother of Archduke Otto, head of the Hapsburgs, has been in England several times since his first visit last spring

RACING AT FONTWELL AND GATWICK

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk both had horses running at Fontwell Park: his Parson's Spring was third and her Ticca Gari was second in first-day races

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley

The Philip Kindersleys were photographed on the first day at the First March Meeting at Gatwick. He is a well-known point-to-point rider

Mr. and Lady Katharine Bigham

Another Gatwick snapshot—of the Hon. Edward Bigham, Viscount Mersey's eldest son, and his wife, who is the Marquess of Lansdowne's sister. He was a Territorial before the war

ENGAGEMENT

Miss Clarissa Borenius

Clarissa Borenius is the daughter of Dr. Tancred Borenius, who organised the party at the Dorchester when "The Republic of Finland," the "March of Time" film, was shown, and a collection was made for the Finland Fund. Dr. Borenius works for both the Polish Relief and Finland Funds

Prince Vsevelode of Russia and His Wife

Prince Vsevelode and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky (Lady Mary Lygon before their marriage last summer) were also at the Finnish film party. He took a turn with one of the bowls in which the collection (all notes) was made. Her sister, Lady Sibell Rowley, who was also married last year, was at the party too, with her husband, Michael Rowley, who is in the A.A.F.

Mr. Eric Hopton, Miss Susan Sutherland

Eric Hopton and Susan Sutherland announced their engagement last month, were at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance together. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hopton, of Chute Manor, Andover, Hants. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R.O. Sutherland, and Mrs. Sutherland, of 54, Green St., W.1

The Hon. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin and Her Daughters

The Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin, wife of the Earl of Dunraven's younger son, took her two attractive daughters racing with her at Fontwell Park. Ursula (right), eldest of three sisters, was a 1939 debutante last year, Molly (Marjorie Olein) is eighteen this year

Lady Hopetoun, Lady Tichborne, Lady Isabel Guinness

Three attractive young-marrieds at Fontwell were the Countess of Hopetoun, Vivien Kenyon-Slaney before her marriage last year; Lady Tichborne, wife of Sir Anthony Tichborne; Lady Isabel Guinness, daughter of the Duke of Rutland, wife of Loel Guinness, M.P.

Carrying their skis, the class on the left tramped up the path to a "classroom" of fresh, unbroken snow on Alp Giop

Below: a local musician plays for the idling ski-ers eating, drinking and sunbathing outside the Corviglia Hut

Spring in the Snow

St. Moritz

In spite of the big gap left in hotel bookings and in the winter lives of British habitués, St. Moritz continues to have a gay international season. America, Italy, Greece, Spain have helped swell the starting-lists of races, and here and there have appeared a sprinkling of English and French names. At the end of February the great Parsenn Derby was held as usual at Davos. No British ski-ers were able to enter, and Switzerland had the race all her own way: Peter Mathis, of Davos, was first (beating the 1938 record), Rudolf Rominger, of St. Moritz, the holder, and now head of the Suvretta School, was second, Heinz von Allmen, of Wengen, was third

Among the few English competitors in Swiss ski races this year have been the young Dodds, Alice and Wilfred, and very successful, too. She has won practically every international race at St. Moritz, and set a new ladies' record for one of the Corviglia courses. He has beaten some of the best Swiss juniors. Their elder brother, Christopher, has just got a commission in the Irish Guards

Lilo Schwarzenbach is an attractive member of the U.S.A. ski team. It is the fashion this year to have your dog following you when ski-ing, as Miss Schwarzenbach does with her white husky, Kay

Right: Princess Anna ("Baboo") Boncompagni and Mrs. Sidney Beer, wife of the English conductor, were off together for an afternoon drive in one of the famous St. Moritz sleighs

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Darling—tell me of your dreams—your fears—your war aims"

SHORN of most of its traditional trimmings and *agréments*—the bored crowds, the hopping clergymen, the squeaking flappers, the stolidly ramping Old Blues—the world's least exciting sporting spectacle assumed its rightful proportions at Henley this year, more or less, we thought. But for the Press boys and their machine-made enthusiasm, we doubt if the Boat Race would ever have become a public saturnal. The 1940 version showed it in its true perspective: a private, strenuous, and not wildly interesting trial of strength and endurance between two eights of muscular, clean-limbed young hearties, each doubtless sowing the seeds of future cardiac disorders calculated at some future date to distress his dear ones, and in some cases to put them to considerable expense. That Fleet Street should have turned this tragic business into a Roman holiday seems to us faintly disgusting. We know an M.P. who actually threw a party for it year after year, inviting his guests to drink and make merry over the spectacle. "Now cracks a noble heart—good-night, sweet prince!" as Horatio said when Hamlet sogged past, stroking the Oxford boat, and showing superb finish and perfect rhythm, his features grey and twisted in agony. "Not too much soda," added Horatio, probably

Having studied it a dozen times, we doubt if the Boat Race has a good effect on the Boat Race crowd, excluding always the emancipated parsons who dance and yell, the flappers, and the Old Blues aforesaid. Sunk in hopeless torpor, the mob fixes lack-lustre orbs on those distant marionettes jerking decorously towards it in monotonous, unchanging rhythm, with a kind of dumb fatalism. You expect a chap in a blue apron to step round with an axe any moment and put it out of its pain. No chap ever does. The marionettes jerk past, a low moaning or mooing ensues, there is a pause, and the crowd shuffles away with bent noggins to the nearest Underground. Was it for this that Drake, etc., etc., etc.?

Hero

SLOGGER DIOGENES, poking round with his lantern, should be alive to-day to hail and embrace that conscientious objector, the first of his kind, who told a tribunal honestly the other day that he didn't want to fight because he was scared. Very properly the chairman congratulated him, and so do we. After the whirling storm of half-baked pseudo-religious, pseudo-ethical poohbah the tribunals have been groping through desperately since September such a statement is like Saturday night at the old oasis. On the other hand, being scared is no reason for being let off fighting. Most soldiers are scared. Even the paladins sometimes had the wind up. You remember the quarrel between Roland and Oliver in the last stages of that desperate rear-guard stand at Roncesvalles? Roland wants to blow the horn to try to summon Charlemagne, thirty leagues away. Oliver says fiercely: "Better death than this shame!" but Roland, being a sensible chap in a tough spot, gets his way. As for the peerless Bayard, our belief is that the label "sans peur" merely means that he never *showed* fear, a very different thing from never feeling it, and the Emperor Charles V., a man of great fighting courage, often had a fit of jitters before a battle, and said so. Hence it may be that by not sending that scared objector into the Army the tribunal has deprived the country of a future V.C. In any case, he deserves some sort of official protection, in our pitiable view. His fellow-objectors, who have made it pretty clear in high-toned speeches that they object to warfare only on moral grounds, will naturally look down on a chap who merely wants to save his skin, and that particularly fearless specimen who was said to have stood up to the hottest bowling in his County will probably cut him dead. It's not an enviable position, being the only conscientious objector in Great Britain who feels physical fear, and it may put ideas into tribunals' heads, who knows?

"Let's put this one in back to front and see what happens"

Unmentionables

THAT unfathomable urge of the female of the Island Race to leap into trousers on the slightest pretext, regardless of æsthetic and other powerful arguments against this rash act, baffles us more and more. Last week, a slight chill keeping us in bed, we made up our minds to have another crack at George Meredith's *Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, so praised by booksy connoisseurs. And lo! in Chap. xxxviii of this tiresome but fascinating work we came upon a Mayfair hussy of the 1850's whose evening pastime it was to swagger with a boy friend down Piccadilly, arrayed like a fop of the period, "one arm stuck in her side, her hat jauntily cocked, a pretty oath on her lips." She and young Feverel went into great fits of laughter, adds Slogger Meredith, at "her impertinent manner of using her eye-glass and her outrageous affectation of the supreme dandy." So you perceive even the mid-Victorians had to endure their basinful of this curious girlish obsession, which may or may not have had some connection with the velvet trousers of George Sand. (That thumping charmer, compared by Baudelaire or somebody to a cow full of ink, got away with it, we guess, simply because Chopin was too frail and moody to take a firm line, besides needing all his strength to hit his pianoforte.) Anyhow, you picture

Dick Feverel's friend, Bella Mount, a fine figure of a girl, as they all were in the 1850's, trousered and top-hatted and eye-glassed, pushing hip after hip past the Green Park and saying "By Jove!" and "Doocid fine fun, old fellah!", and if it doesn't make you cry as profusely as the sight of a massive sweetheart of 1940 stumping along in well-filled slacks does us, you 're not the sensitive, impressionable types we took you for. Have they no mirrors? Doesn't anybody ever *tell* 'em? (we cried, gesturing feebly at the unanswering sky).

Kin

GREATLY cheered by those pictures of thousands of Aussies stamping into Palestine, looking bronzed and fit, spoiling for a scrap and laughing heartily, we read next day a speech by Mr. Cameron, leader of the Australian Country Party, saying that Australia is in this war because she loves freedom; which seemed only half the story. The average Aussie has a natural vivacity, bred by an open-air, sunshiny life and increased by (a) the habit of drinking strong tea all day long with cooked meat; and (b) a wild reaction against sheep, which leads him to rove about at intervals looking for somebody to clip across the jaw. Kipling stresses the tea. The late Murray Allison, who had more friends than any man living and claimed to have performed more major operations on sheep in his youth than any farmer in Australia, used to tell us it was chiefly the sheep. In this country, it seems, we do not know the full horror and malignancy of these dumb chums. We see a flock of them cropping away in an English meadow, and their gentle, silly faces soothe us with sweet, pastoral thoughts. Multiply those idiotic faces by a few thousand, set them on some farm far away in the back-blocks, and make them your daily and sole companions, said Allison, and in one month you 'll welcome a flock of ramping devils fresh from the Pit with open arms. And this, he said, is why so many Australians, once severed from sheep, are so alarmingly full of zing, turbulence, and restless joie-de-vivre, as the German High Command noticed in the last war; not to speak of the Cairo police and one or two O.C. rest-camps in France. But once they settle in England the climate gets them and they become mild and mellow and decadent and never want to hit anybody. We have a charming Australian friend who is a connoisseur of wine and books and an acknowledged master of the pianoforte. We know another Australian domiciled here who will even permit jokes against Cricket in his presence without lashing out, though he swells a trifle and his veins go blue. But we gather large numbers of the Australian troops now under arms are freshly liberated from their ovine hell, and we 'll be hearing from them in due course, no doubt.

Posy

A RECENT number of the U.S. Congressional Record, the American Hansard, containing a broadcast speech on "moral rearmament" by the Big Shot or Head Bonze of the Buchmanites, seems to have puzzled one of the gossip boys, but it 's perfectly normal. One Senator introduced the Buchman speech on the radio and another Senator asked the Senate to put it in the official Record. The boys would have preferred it in verse, no doubt. Senators and Congressmen are fond of verse, and we have always cherished one swell quatrain from the U.S.C.R. on the loss of a submarine—

Entrapped inside a submarine
With Death approaching on the scene
The crew compose their minds to dice,
More for the pleasure than the vice.

That was by Congressman Canfield, and if we had more rousing stuff like that in Hansard there 'd have been a less languid response, we thought, to an M.P.'s recent suggestion that Hansard should be sold to the British public for its weekly—or monthly?—light reading. We doubted at the time whether there would be much of a public for this unless they illustrated it profusely with saucy French pictures. Moreover, carefully scanning a recent number of Hansard, we felt it would need a lot of pulling together before it could even begin to challenge its rival principal. The funny bits and what-not are there, as in the elder comic, if you know where to look, but the presentation is amateurish. Within two months, we thought, Hansard would be losing its sensation-value, and then where are you? Fighting it out with Art Nudes like the rest of the unrefined sixpennies.

Vapours

A GUARDSMAN and a clergyman swooned away during a recent military ceremony in London, and a few days ago a cricketer swooned twice at his own wedding. A Harley Street neurologist tells us that these are not isolated cases, and that everybody is becoming more sensitive, nervous, and impressionable, owing to the war. What shocked the Guardsman and the clergyman, for example, was probably some trifling thing both of them would have borne with equanimity six months ago—a gesture of petulance or disdain, perhaps, from the troops, a roguish *œillade* from some "fast" lady present.

Fainting among County cricketers who have responded to the M.C.C.'s "Back-to-the-Streets" scheme is due generally to ill-treatment or under-nourishment, he added. Their new owners drive them, for example, with a bearing-rein, or work them with saddle-galls or the staggers, or make them draw too heavy drays, or mix their bran-mash of an evening with a careless hand. To look like a horse is not always to have a horse's stamina. There is also the moral difficulty. A cricketer may be grazing quietly in a paddock when a girl passes reading a yellow French novel. For biting or lashing out with his hindlegs in an attempt to protect innocent English girlhood against itself the cricketer may be harshly beaten by her angry relatives. This sets up inferiority-inhibitions which——Oh, what does anyone care?

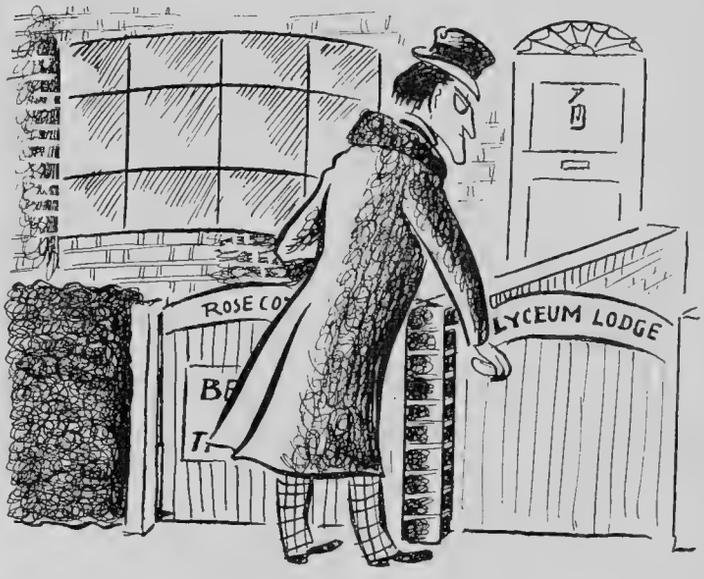
D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Time marches on — Hats

THE NEST
WARE OF THE DOG
MON REPOS
BEWARE OF THE DOG

3
UTOPIA
BEWARE OF THE DOG
THE NOOK
Beware of the Dog

5
KOZYKOT
BEWARE OF THE DOG
SUNNYSIDE
BEWARE OF THE DOG


7
ROSE CO
LYCEUM LODGE

7
ROSE COTTAGE
BEWARE OF THE DOG
LYCEUM LODGE
Anton

7
ROSE COTTAGE
BEWARE OF THE DOG
LYCEUM LODGE
BEWARE THE IDES OF MARCH

"O To Be In Deutschland!": By Mary Dunn

"THE extraordinary thing about spring," said Hitler, rolling over on his side to reach another daisy, "is that it makes one feel so irresponsible and light-hearted. Why," he added, automatically lowering his voice in case of any adjacent reporters, "believe it or not, I haven't had a real frenzy for the last three weeks."

A mountain goat which had been nibbling a gentian hard by immediately leapt away, tearing off his disguise as he ran, and put through a call to his Fleet Street office. But his departure was not noted by the little party assembled on the Berchtesgaden slopes. Their thoughts were on other, happier things.

"Listen," said Goering. "Wasn't that a cuckoo?"

Hess, his face alight with merriment, was attempting to thread a scarlet ribbon through the barren stubble on Himmler's head. Dr. Ley dabbled his toes in a sparkling mountain brook, while Ribbentrop was counting how many wild flowers he could see without moving his head from resting against Frick's knees. As for little Goebbels, he was just a boy again. A whimsical, almost elfin smile played around his face as he toyed with a snow-white lamb, and attempted to hang a portrait of himself round the little creature's neck. The lamb caught sight of the picture, gave one agonised bleat, and rolled over on its back stone dead. It was the only sad note in that idyllic afternoon.

"There!" said Adolf complacently. "My daisy-chain is finished. Now to the business of the afternoon."

He sat up as he spoke, and a wayward breeze caught the lock that is famous in five continents and tried hard to turn it into a tendril. But it failed, as many a better breeze had done before it.

"Gentlemen," said Hitler gravely, and Dr. Ley, looking at him affectionately, thought for the hundredth time how like some noble, distinguished microbe he looked. "Gentlemen, we know why we are gathered here together to-day. The eyes of the world are upon us. Spring is here and we have a great decision to make—which amongst us is to be Queen of the May?"

For a moment there was perfect silence. You could have heard a bomb drop. Then, as Goebbels automatically turned on the usual gramophone record of cheering, the leader spoke again.

Illustrations by Walter Goetz

"As you know," he said, "I am an artist at heart . . . not a man of action. A May-bud rather than a May Queen. But if the spirit of Germany demands——"

Himmler interrupted. "Most unwise, my Führer. Remember the Beer Hall. However," he went on, nervously twisting a strand of honeysuckle round his pince-nez, "I think I can count on my secret police to guard me. *I* will be your May Queen," and he adjusted the festooned instrument on his nose and looked around for approval.

"May Day is Joy Day," carolled Dr. Ley. "Joy is my department. . . . I should be Queen of the May," and he leapt in the air in an ersatz entrechat.

"Is there a medal?" asked Goering dreamily. He was not really paying much attention, because Hess was holding a buttercup under his chin and asking if he liked butter. The flesh turned a deep gun-colour.

"You and your medals!" said Dr. Frick in playful badinage. "Why, you are already wearing two howitzers and a light tank at this moment! No; money is the thing. . . . If you were to choose me . . .!"

"I feel that my youth—" began the curly-headed Hess; then he stopped. A sound, not unlike the mellifluous gurgling of a bath waste, struck upon all ears. Little Goebbels was sobbing.

They crowded round him. One patted his shoulder, another stroked his sable hair. "What is it, Jupkin?" they asked.

"I have always wanted to be a blonde!" he sobbed. "Mayn't I *please* be May Queen?"

Ribbentrop put a brotherly arm round his shoulders and whispered in his ear. Immediately Goebbels' face cleared.

"How clever you are, Joachim!" he beamed. "That's the best idea of all."

(Concluded on page 341)

Spring : A Camera Study by John Everard

"Pinocchio"

Walt Disney, like the Blue Fairy, brings the puppet to life in his second full-length colour cartoon

The bad influence *in Pinocchio's life is J. Worthington Foulfellow, a foxy, down-at-heel dandy who starts the marionet on his troubles by selling him to a puppeteer*

For the screen successor to German Jacob Grimm's *Snow White*, Disney has turned to the other end of the ex-axis, and picked an Italian fable set down by Collodi. The story of Pinocchio, the puppet boy who comes to life, has provided Dr. Disney's genius with the ideal frame for weaving a new series of picaresque characters and scenes. Two years' work, 300,000 drawings, and two and a half million dollars went into the production of *Pinocchio*, and in everything but its musical score it is hailed by the critics as better than *Snow White*. The New York premiere was February 7th, and the London one will be at the New Gallery next Monday. Herewith are the personages that will soon be decorating gardens, painted on cots and moulded into book-ends

The good influence *in Pinocchio's life is Jiminy Cricket, keeper of the marionet's conscience*

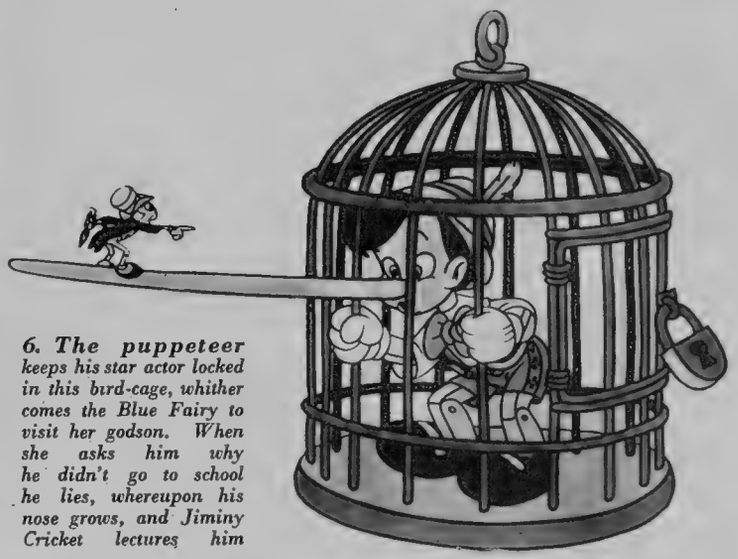
1. Gepetto, *puppet-maker and wood-carver, has always longed for a son, and, Pygmalion-like, fixes this longing on his marionet Pinocchio, a pinewood figure*

2. The Blue Fairy, *a "Snow White" reincarnation, grants Gepetto's wish because of the pleasure he has given, infuses Pinocchio with life. But he is still made of wood, gets Jiminy Cricket (by his right foot) as conscience-keeper*

3. Figaro the kitten *is Gepetto's pet and Pinocchio's first playmate. Figaro's part was augmented after his screen tests, now he walks away with the small parts' prize, almost steals the show*

4. Giddy the cat *is the least defined and least successful of the characters in the film. He is a raggle-taggle alley Tom, confederate of Foulfellow the fox, speechless, but fond of his minor pleasures*

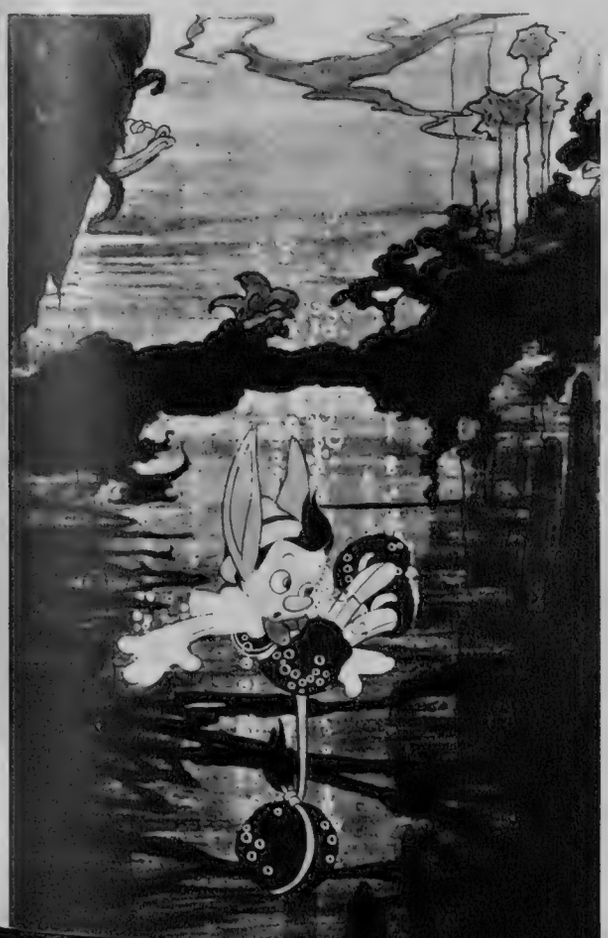
5. Stromboli, *a travelling puppet-master, is delighted to buy Pinocchio from Foulfellow and Giddy, who seduce the marionet on his way to school. He carries the wooden boy off*



6. The puppeteer *keeps his star actor locked in this bird-cage, whither comes the Blue Fairy to visit her godson. When she asks him why he didn't go to school he lies, whereupon his nose grows, and Jiminy Cricket lectures him*

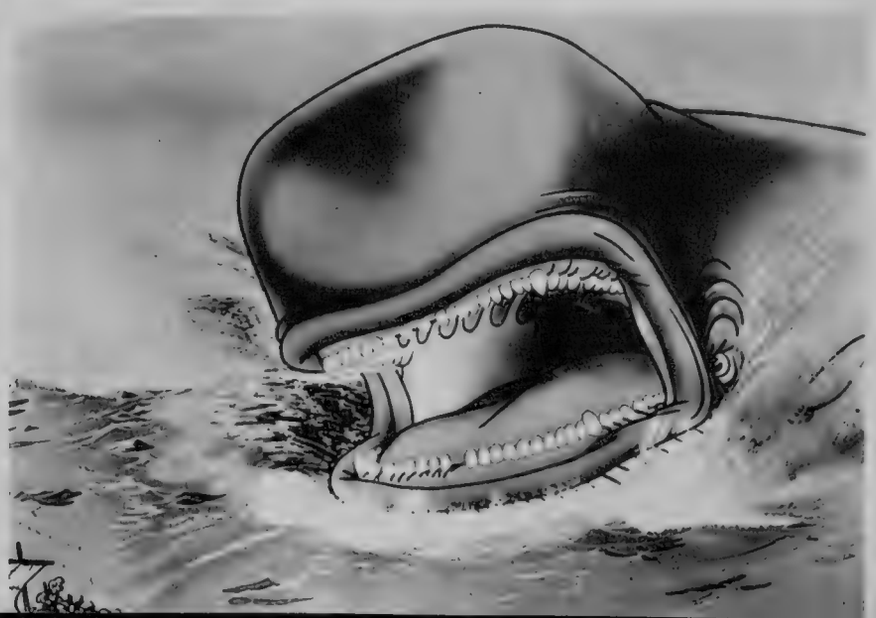
7. But the Blue Fairy *releases him from the cage, and he and Jiminy run home as fast as they can. Alas! they fall once more into the hands of "Honest John" Foulfellow and Giddy*

8. The Coachman, *a Welleresque person, drives Pinocchio off to Pleasure Island, where school truants turn to donkeys. The marionet's neighbour on the front seat is Lampwick, a kind of Dead End kid*



← ***9. Growth of ears and tail*** *frightens Pinocchio; he jumps into the sea to find Gepetto, who has sailed to rescue him*

10. Monstro the whale, *guardian of Pleasure Island, swallows Pinocchio. In the whale's stomach, he finds Gepetto, Figaro and Cleo the goldfish, also swallowed, starving to death on a wreck. They light a fire to make Monstro cough them and their raft up, get home, and Pinocchio is good and becomes a real boy*



"The Light of Heart"

Emlyn Williams' New Play

"Cherish him," said Godfrey Tearle of Emlyn Williams, on the first night of the play, "he is valuable to the theatre." This high tribute to the author and producer of *The Light of Heart* has not been endorsed, as regards this particular play, by all the critics (our own Mr. Farjeon described it last week as "born lame"). Audiences at the Apollo, however, appear to find there an evening of absorbing interest, a thorough enjoyment of the skilful and dramatic story-telling, the impeccable character-drawing, the innumerable good "lines," and, above all, of the high quality of the acting in every one of the eight parts

***The setting** is a room at the top of a house in Long Acre, W.C.2 (designed by Michael Weight). Here in Scene One are four of the five secondary characters, each a gem of casting and playing—Gladys Henson as Mrs. Banner, the landlady; Edward Rees as the literature-loving Welsh policeman; Megs Jenkins as the blowsy, good-hearted Cockney girl-friend of the old actor; Arthur Powell as Barty, pal of the actor's down-at-heel days, whose hopes centre on the death of his grandmother*

***Fan** since her early youth of the one-time great actor is Mrs. Lothian, a downright Scotswoman whose brusque words mask a heart of gold, played to the last Scottish "r" by Elliot Mason. Here she is (right) with Cattrin, the actor's daughter (Angela Baddeley)*

***The love-story** belongs to club-footed Cattrin Thomas and Robert, a young composer who lodges in the same house; Angela Baddeley and Anthony Ireland play their one love-scene beautifully. The gaiety, humour and courageous common sense of the crippled girl are not less perfectly conveyed by Miss Baddeley than her devotion, to which she has sacrificed her life, to her father*

***"If I got thin** and let me 'air grow dark . . ," Fan (Megs Jenkins) suggests hopefully, but even then Maddoc Thomas (Godfrey Tearle) knows that to marry her is not the escape he is seeking from the loss of his daughter's support, the collapse of his effort to be an actor again*

The actor, *Maddoc Thomas, who was once great and could be great again, is superbly played by Godfrey Tearle. It is as easy to believe that his Lear at Covent Garden (if he only keeps sober) will be the performance of a generation, as to imagine the erratic, tipsy humour of his Father Christmas act in Regent Street when he gives ten shillings to a rich shopper stepping into her car*

Filming Fashions Flight

It's a serious job in Hollywood, making a ten-minute short about beach wear

Miss Oklahoma 1939, *Bettye Averyt, models a frilly swim suit with apron skirt on the left. She is not really on board ship—the gang-rails are just a clever idea of Miss Donner's*

Miss America 1939, *below left, models a plaid bathing costume on a set representing a beach hut—note the striking realism of the bent-grass. Patricia Mary Donnelly, a "naturally modest and reticent girl," was selected in the annual Atlantic City contest last year. Vyvyan Donner, now her employer, was on the jury*

Betty Williams, *below right, is the girl in the hat, which is green, by the way*

Mixed up among the news and cartoons before the Big Film, the fashion shorts flick across the screen and leave an impression of remote beauties in remote clothes. That is because fashion-advertising on the screen is not prosecuted by English houses on such a scale as in America; but over there, the women of every small town from New Jersey to Los Angeles eagerly scan the latest moving picture bulletin from Hollywood, which incorporates the models of any house that cares to pay for its publicity. And the men meanwhile get an eyeful of America's most lovely girls. Modelling, for films or stills, is a remunerative profession in the United States, and the best key into it is the winning of some beauty competition. Fox Movietone's fashion mistress is Vyvyan Donner, a lady who takes her serious job very seriously; she picks and coaches the girls, gets the clothes put on them in the right way, builds a set and directs the filming. She has strong ideas about what should be shown and how; on these pages she and her work are shown; and overleaf, some stills illustrating Miss Donner's ideas about beach etiquette

Vyvyan Donner *sits beside the camera during the filming of her fashion shorts and signs to her girls what to do. She never scolds them, because, she says, it freezes them up, and that would waste time and money*

This group *is the result of careful thought and work on the part of Miss Donner and her staff, and presents a lifelike scene of life at a beach resort. Girls are Nancy Bridges, Kay Williams, Nina MacDougald, Claire MacQuillen, Patricia Donnelly, Betty Williams, Frances Nalle (Fairest of New York Fair), Bettye Averyt*

Nancy Bridges *lets out a yell as a dresser pushes a pin into her flank. She is wearing a red, white and blue striped skirt and a badge of the American eagle over her heart*

Nina MacDougald *has her legs touched up ready for the camera. What she wears is a beach ensemble in pink and blue which presumably, on modern American lines, takes to bits to reveal a swim suit. Nina was illustrators' choice for the perfect New York City model*

Don't be natural, *says Vyvyan Donner (see previous page), but be careful and be refined in the positions you adopt. Just because you've got on a brief costume or swim suit, don't think you can straddle and stretch*

Don't be poseur *either, striking this sort of fancy position—which in our opinion makes Kay Williams more attractive than ever. We don't necessarily endorse Miss Donner's dicta, but give them as Hollywood's latest for those who care*

Beach Etiquette

Pretty models pose to show you what to do and what not to do on the beach, according to a Hollywood opinion

Bending from hips *is taboo when you want to pick up a hair brush (as here), sea-shell, message in a bottle, or other interesting flotsam. Nice girls bend from the knees. [The Godiva-esque model is Claire MacQuillen]*

Slumping *is illustrated on the right as a fault, for "bathing garb demands special attention to correct posture." Once again Kay Williams fails to convince us of her repulsiveness*

Petting and pawing *are condemned by Miss Donner, whose code seems to be very simply that of the drawing-room translated to the beach. If that's what Miami is like, give us Southend*

Films of the Day

Chief Geronimo and Chief Moriarty

By George Campbell

AMERICANS are a remarkable people. Consider the case of Geronimo—pronounced, in case you don't know, with a soft " G " and the accent on the " on." It is said that this Apache chief, beside whom Sitting Bull and Yellow Hand were Rotarians, hated the whites because in his youth they killed his wife and mother. This, if true, might well have bred a certain prejudice, despite the old music-hall turns in which the fireman, or the zoo-keeper, related how he once failed to rescue a poor woman from flames or bears, tapped the medal on his breast, and added simply: " Her husband gave me that."

If Geronimo's wrongs were real, one can only say that he seems not to have had an impetuous nature. He was born in 1829, and it was not till 1875 that he started to scalp and burn all over New Mexico and Arizona. After sending out two expeditions, spending £8,000,000, inducing him to surrender and letting him slip through their fingers, the U.S. Army finally trapped him again in Skeleton Canyon, Arizona. And this is why I say Americans are remarkable. In 1865 Southern sympathisers (including a woman), suspected of aiding John Wilkes Booth, were mercilessly hanged or gaoled in the dreadful Dry Tortugas. The Indian who had murdered and tortured men, women and children by the hundred just to see them kick was taken from Alabama to Oklahoma, because the climate didn't agree with him, enjoyed a leisured old age, dictated his memoirs, and died at eighty, probably of boredom.

Now he has reached the screen. Chief Thundercloud, who happens to be a Cherokee, plays the old scoundrel in *Geronimo* with a steely eye, a rat-trap mouth, and a physique that makes Johnny Weissmuller look weedy. It comes as a bit of a shock to learn that he has studied music and wants a career in opera. On the screen he looks as if he had played with scalps in the cradle and been weaned on buckets of blood.

Geronimo is a big, spectacular affair, with bits of a dozen famous films sticking out from the mosaic. Anyone with a good memory can amuse himself recalling the army martinet and resentful son of *Bengal Lancer*, the torture scene of *The Plainsman*, the attack on the stage-coach in *Stagecoach*, the last stand in *The Plainsman* (in a setting almost identical), and characters familiar in Westerns from *The Covered Waggon* onwards. Which reminds me that here and there, alongside Geronimo, you will observe the rugged, once adored features of Monte Blue. Why has the star of Lubitsch's *The Marriage Circle* dropped to the obscurity of a one-line bit? Don't ask me. Ask Hollywood. Some day somebody will produce a film with a cast of old-timers; it will happen to have a good story and make a hit, and it will start a whole cycle of pictures with old-timers and bad stories. And the old-timers, of course, will all be unemployed again.

THE other new Hollywood pictures might be tolerantly described as mediocre. *I Stole a Million* begins promisingly enough, with George Raft falling foul of the law and gangsters. But he meets a girl and marries her; and here the story goes to pieces. Afraid of going to prison and leaving her unprovided for, he starts robbing banks and trains until he has accumulated a million, none of which goes to his wife; and then, having made leniency impossible, he gives himself up. I dare say there are men as dumb as the fellow Raft plays; but they are not of the slightest interest. Claire Trevor, as the girl, is both sincere and charming.

***Chief Thunder Cloud** plays the name-part in " Geronimo," Paramount's newest Western, which, they claim, combines the good points of " Wells Fargo," " Union Pacific " and " The Plainsman." He provides the thrills, while Preston Foster, Ellen Drew and William Henry provide the romance and gallantry of the film, which went to the Plaza ten days ago and is reviewed here. The chief's ambition, it appears, is to sing in opera*

" HERE I AM A STRANGER " is an odd confection of college comedy, sentimentality and the good old one about the drunk who makes a come-back. Richard Dix, need I say, is the drunk; Richard Greene shows improvement in his first starring part, notably in voice production; and Brenda Joyce (of *The Rains Came*) is the professor's pretty daughter.

PROFESSOR MORIARTY, of evil memory (" I feel a touch as strong and subtle as my own, Watson "), has been thrown to his death on the Reichenbach Falls, shot, gaoled, and hanged again and again, and now, in Hollywood's *Sherlock Holmes*, he is alive and kicking and stealing the Crown Jewels. The old villain is dead, but he won't lie down.

Sherlock Holmes is enough to make poor Doyle turn in his grave; but in its way it 's quite good fun. It begins on the right bizarre note, with a nervous young woman (Ida Lupino) arriving with a story about a father murdered and a brother threatened. How? In a mysterious letter—note the drawing of the brother with a bird round his neck. " Ha! " cries Holmes, perceiving with one penetrating stare through his magnifying-glass that the bird belongs to the order of Diomedeidæ. " Yes, Watson, undoubtedly Diomedeidæ." And sure enough, in South Kensington Museum, he pounces on the relevant exhibit and learns, what dull people like you and me observe unscientifically, at first glance, that the bird is an albatross. If you should ask what the albatross has to do with the father and brother slain by a South American bolus (a lasso with weights which, according to Holmes, strangles you first and then crushes the back of your head in), or why the murderer should play a plaintive little tune on his piccolo outside the girl's window (" An ancient Inca death-chant, Watson "), or why Moriarty should be mixed up in it, I can tell you very simply. It is all to divert Holmes's attention from Moriarty's attempt on the Crown Jewels. But if you should ask me what any of it has to do with Conan Doyle, I can only say, my dear Watson, I haven't the faintest idea. But you know Hollywood's methods.

FROM the world of the serial and novelette, Abel Gance's *Voleur de Femmes* takes us back to the world we know. The characters (blackmailer included) are real people; and if the picture is not in the great French tradition, it stands out from the rest of the new stuff as adult entertainment, intelligently written and uncommonly well acted.

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Nap Hand" (Aldwych)

IT is quite a while (shades of George Giddens and Weedon Grossmith!) since we had a farce in which men rush about the stage with babies in their arms; but the whirligig of time brings in its revenges, and here, again, is all the fun of the cradle, with Ralph Lynn and Charles Heslop in frenzied throes of distracted paternity, busy among the cots, dandling and snatching and equivocating and taradiddling, and effecting such rapid exchanges of infant vitality as the exigencies of the moment require. *Baby Mine*, a riot at the Criterion thirty years ago, began with one baby, mounted to twins, and concluded with a grand climax of triplets. *Nap Hand* picks up two pairs of twins straight away, an economic facer for the fathers, but one convertible to financial account by adding a fifth baby, which will make quins if they are all credited to one mother. This fifth baby being the offspring of Italians, and foreigners in farces being what foreigners in farces are, trouble ensues, including blackmail. The bambino being erept the stage, it must quickly be replaced for the press photograph now due. And lo and behold, even as the camera clicks, it is discovered that the bambino has become a piccaninny! So the fun goes on, fast, furious and infantile, in a world of weak males and ominous women and frying-pans and fires.

AN astonishing world, this world of farce, assuming incredible proprieties that impropriety may be achieved. To give a single example. The babies being mixed up, and one of them having a mole on its back, Mr. Quibble (Ralph Lynn) is anxious to discover whether Mrs. Quibble (Valerie Tudor) has a mole on her back. In the circumstances, he does the reasonable thing. "When we go to bed to-night," he says, "may I look at your back?" But Mrs. Quibble is not so reasonable. If she were, she would just say, "Why?" But being a wife in a farce, she draws herself up to her full offended height, thunders "*Certainly not!*" and whisks away as though the most indecent suggestion has been made to her. Such is the relationship of husbands and wives in farces of the mole order. Or can it be that our Lord Chamberlain has here been insisting on one of those compromises that make hay of original intentions and hold distorted mirrors up to unfortunate authors?

THE Lord Chamberlain is less likely to have had any hand in such jokes as "Get me an enormous breakfast"—"What do you want?"—"A whitebait!" This must, I suppose, be attributed entirely to either Mr. Vernon Sylvaine or Mr. Guy Bolton—who, be it said, have done their work most professionally. So, be it also said, have the actors. Of course, we know all about Ralph Lynn, but we are glad to know all about him and enjoy his recapitulations. Bertha Belmore dominates, Charles Heslop wammers, Maria Minetti shows a Continental leg, Kay Walsh decorates. And Valerie Tudor acts like an actress who is now ready to fulfil all the promise of her Old Vic days if only she can get the chance in London.

Father of Quins: Ralph Lynn

Sketches by Rouson

Mothers of Quins—between them: Valerie Tudor, Kay Walsh, Maria Minetti

Conspirators with assorted babies: Bertha Belmore, Charles Heslop

Easter Wedding

Brides are Wearing White Again

Wartime brides may have only a few days, or even hours, in which to plan their weddings, but they are still determined to have lovely lingerie. A romantic, fragile-looking négligé is a tonic in these all-too-practical times, made in flowing folds of chiffon like the model above from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The material is ruched across the shoulders and full bishop sleeves give a slender line. This modern version of the teagown looks charming in a pale azalea pink, but it can be copied in various pastel colours to tone with the rest of the trousseau. In the same department there is a gaily-patterned taffeta house-coat for 79/6, short-sleeved and full-skirted, which would make a useful "second" to the négligé

Brides are refusing to give up the beauty and charm of a "white wedding," but they are choosing simple dresses which can be worn later on for wartime entertaining. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, are specialising in inexpensive wedding-gowns from six and a half guineas. There are many models for the bride to choose from, including the one on the left in satin-back crêpe. This is cut with a high-waisted panelled skirt flowing out into a train at the back, and trimmed with pearl embroidery round the pointed neckline. It could be copied in pastel colours for a bride who does not feel at her best in sheer white or ivory. The head-dress comes from the Mayfair Flowers department, where they are always ready to produce individual ideas

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yes, this is our front line, and where that woman is, is No-Man's-Land"

British Cavalry Near Nazareth : Part of One of the Few Remaining Non-Mechanised Commands of the Army

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Where the Roman legionaries used to ride now go the soldiers of the greatest Christian empire in the world, a cavalry section of the British Army who keep order in the Holy Land under our Mandate. Palestine was in the political news last week, provided the House of Commons with a lively evening when the Opposition moved a vote of censure on the Government's new land transfers policy and gave Mr. MacDonald, Colonial Secretary, an opportunity for a personal triumph in defending this policy

Most of the Game

SIX months of this war have left most people in this country completely in the black-out about its probable future course and outcome. The passage of another six months will bring much enlightenment, though I do not expect them to bring the answer to the question, how we can *defeat* Germany. At the very best we shall not see a faint glimmer of a hope of that before the end of next winter, and not then, unless we make war—by which I do not mean putting the point of our chin on the German fist.

The best present indication of the state of the war is the bearing of the neutral onlookers, which shows that they do not yet reckon with the possibility of German *defeat*, and are still scared stiff of German victory. Hence their candidly hostile comment about the Altmark incident, which would otherwise have delighted them, and their relative silence about the bombing and machine-gunning of their own defenceless merchant shipping by the Germans.

Our Northern Front

GOOD observers give the Finns another two months, unless they receive reinforcements in men. They think that 50,000 men would enable them to hold out.

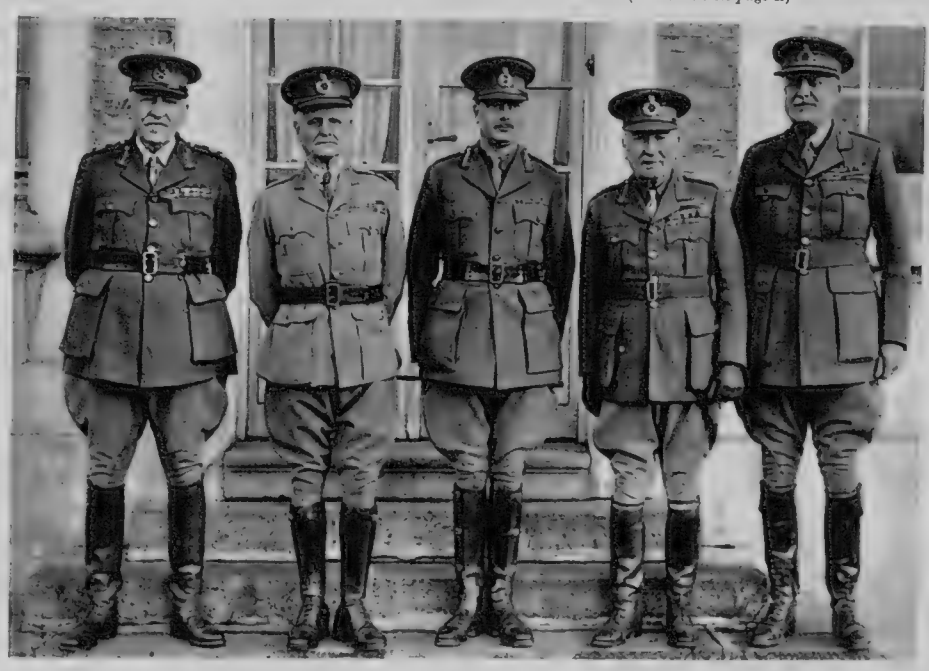
We might be able to non-intervene so many without dangerously weakening ourselves here, in France, or in the Near East, where we are clearly preparing an excellent threat to the Bolshevist-German rear. But we have to remember that the Germans, when the Bolshevists have progressed further, are likely at any moment to strike from the south, that our 50,000 men would then quickly be swept away, and that we should find the two mightiest military nations in Europe shoulder-to-shoulder on the Norwegian and Danish coasts and facing our own shores. This may explain, to any who have not understood, our military precautions in the Highlands.

Nazi-Bolshevist Strategy

THOSE people live in another world than mine—and a cloud-world, I think—who fancy that Germany is perturbed by the Bolshevist drive in Scandinavia. The fact is rather that Germany is perturbed by any set-backs the Bolshevists suffer in it, that she is waiting for her northern partner to advance into line with her, that these are co-ordinated movements, and that when they are completed we shall see the thing without which the Nazi pact with Moscow was a meaningless, unconsummated marriage—namely, the full military alliance, the merging of striking power, the pasting of a "Pool" label over the two armies.

This is the thing I always feared, and this is why the Finnish campaign is important, possibly vital, for us. The Nazi-Bolshevist time-table was upset through the initial setback in Finland, but is now getting into its swing. If we only could, somehow, enable the Finns to hold out this summer, the plan would possibly collapse; in any case, the

(*Concluded on page* ii)



Four Field-Marshals and Major-Gen. the Duke of Gloucester

Four veteran commanders of the Great War visited the B.E.F. recently and saw again some of the battlefields they knew a quarter-century ago. With Major-General the Duke of Gloucester, Chief Liaison Officer on Lord Gort's Staff, they posed for an official picture at British H.Q.—Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell (65), Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood (74), Field-Marshal Sir Claude Jacob (76), Field-Marshal Sir A. Montgomery-Massingberd (68). Lord Birdwood had visited Lille, which was liberated by troops under his command in October 1914. Since the Field-Marshals' tour, the Duke of Gloucester has had, and has recovered from, flu

Debutantes of 1940

They Come Out Quietly, Without Courts or Balls

Harlip

Miss Barbara Knight

Barbara Knight is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Knight, of Old Haven, Bishopstone, Kent, and 2, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn. Her father is head of a big firm of solicitors and well known in legal circles and the City. She was educated in England, Florence and Paris; likes swimming, riding and skating

Catherine Bell

Miss Elizabeth Wheatley

Elizabeth Wheatley is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Leonard Lane Wheatley, of Chart Place, Sutton Valence, Kent. Brig.-Gen. Wheatley was in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is a member of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. Mrs. Wheatley is the sister of James Fairbairn, the Australian Aviation Minister in Canada

Swaebe

Miss Antonella Newland

Half-Italian Antonella Newland, photographed at the Queen Charlotte's Dinner-Dance, is the daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Foster Newland, and Donna Antonella Carr, and granddaughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Conte Michele Salazar, Italian Army. She is being chaperoned by her mother; likes music, riding, speaks four languages

Bassano

Miss Susan Eleanor Williams

Susan Eleanor Williams is the elder daughter of Sir Rhys and Lady Rhys-Williams, of Miskin Manor, Llantrisant, Glamorganshire, and 47, Eaton Square, S.W.1, is seventeen this year. Lady Rhys-Williams is the daughter of novelist Elinor Glyn. Sir Rhys Rhys-Williams is a K.C., was made a baronet for work at the Admiralty

Harlip

Miss Gillian Cooper

Gillian Cooper is the daughter of the late Major Colin Cooper, and Mrs. Colin Cooper. Her family used to own Barnwell Castle, Northants, now the home of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. Like the other debutantes on these pages, she was one of 138 Maids of Honour in the Cake Ceremony at Queen Charlotte's Ball

Lenare

Miss Yvonne Stuart Johnson

A debutante from Cheshire is Yvonne Stuart Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Johnson, of Henshall Hall, Congleton. She is seventeen, is training to be a V.A.D. But she came to London to wear a white ball-dress and flowers in her hair at Grosvenor House on Leap Year Night at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball

Swaebe

Miss Maxine Birley

Daughter of an artist is Maxine Birley, whose parents are Captain and Mrs. Oswald Birley, of Charleston Manor, West Dean, Sussex, and 62, Wellington Road, N.W.8. Her father was born in New Zealand, her mother is Irish. Oswald Birley's portrait of the King came fifth in the ballot at the United Artists' Exhibition

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Miss Jean Torr, Miss Esmée Harmsworth, Miss Diana Pearce

The three debutantes above, decided to have their first-season photograph taken à trois. Jean Torr is the daughter of Wenceslas Torr, First Secretary at the British Legation in Berne, and Mrs. Torr; Esmée Harmsworth is the younger daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Mrs. Tom Hussey. Diana Pearce is the daughter of Com. and Mrs. Pearce

Lavinia Lyttelton is the youngest of the three daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, of Hasley Hall, Stourbridge, will be nineteen this year

The Titian-haired deb on the right is the younger daughter of the late Walter Duncan, and Mrs. Walter Duncan, of 53, Cadogan Square, S.W.1. Her mother was vice-chairman of the Queen Charlotte's Dinner-Dance. Her sister Marjorie married the Hon. John Grimston, the Earl of Verulam's second son, in 1938

Lenare

The Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton

Lenare

Miss Kathleen Duncan

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Gordon — Campbell

Lieut. Kenneth E. Gordon, R.A., only son of the late Eric Gordon, and Mrs. Herbert Brake, of 16, Bark Place, W.2, and Moir Campbell, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Robert Campbell, and Mrs. Campbell, of Higher Westcott House, Oakford, Devon, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Legge — Adam

Rupert M. Legge, Royal Fusiliers, son of the late Captain R. G. Legge, and Mrs. Baggallay, and Anne Adam, youngest daughter of Sir James and Lady Adam, of Colne Park, Earls Colne, Essex, were married at St. Andrew's, Colne-Engaine

Hughes — Brand

Lieut. Robert Walker Hughes, R.N., son of the late Surgeon-Captain R. Hughes, R.N., and Mrs. Hughes, and Mercedes (Peter) Brand, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Brand, of Harecombe, Crowborough, Sussex, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place

O'Brien — Alston

Captain Terence Henry O'Brien and Renée Barbara Violet Alston were married at Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore. He is the only son of the late Lieut.-Col. H. M. S. O'Brien, and Mrs. O'Brien, of Coombe, Oxon. She is the elder daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. Francis Alston, of 10, Kensington Gate, W.8

Duckworth — Williams

Lieut.-Com. Auberon Charles Alan Campbell Duckworth, R.N., second son of the late Sir George Duckworth, and Lady Margaret Duckworth, of Dalingridge Place, West Hoathly, Sussex, and cousin of the Earl of Carnarvon, and Christina Elsie Williams, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edric B. Williams, and niece of Miss Elsie Williams, of Frimley, Hastings, New Zealand, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Prideaux-Brune — Hearne

John Charles Fulke Prideaux-Brune, of Prideaux Place, Padstow, Cornwall, son of the late Captain F. K. Prideaux-Brune, and Mrs. Prideaux-Brune, and Margaret Mary Hearne, younger daughter of the late Major and Mrs. E. P. Hearne, of Carlow, were married at Westminster Cathedral

Burbury — Macnaghten

Captain Richard P. H. Burbury, D.C.L.I., younger son of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. F. W. Burbury, of Keresforth, Yorks., and Daphne Macnaghten, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Balfour Macnaghten, of Pinemount Lodge, Camberley, Surrey, were married at the Royal Military College Chapel, Sandhurst

Campbell-Orde — Atkinson

Peter Stewart Campbell-Orde, Royal Norfolk Regiment, son of the late Colin R. Campbell-Orde, and Mrs. Campbell-Orde, and Margaret Constance Atkinson, younger daughter of Lieut.-Col. J. C. Atkinson, of Hilbre, Sheringham, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Atkinson, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Forde — Robinson

Ivo Matthew Leopold Dieskan Forde, R.A., only son of the late Henry Bligh Forde, and Mrs. Forde, of 27, Stafford Place, W.8, and Margaret Pamela Robinson, only child of Com. Clive Robinson, R.N., Deputy Master Attendant in Singapore, and Mrs. Robinson, of Kensington Close, W.8, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

McBarnet — Duncan

Lieut. Donald Terry McBarnet, H.M.S. Exeter, and Joan Frances Matthews Duncan, daughter of the Rev. J. F. Matthews Duncan, of Chichester, were married after H.M.S. Exeter returned to England. He is the son of D. M. McBarnet, of Salisbury, Rhodesia, was mentioned in despatches after the Battle of the River Plate

Levis — Hewetson

Sq.-Ldr. Leslie George Levis, R.A.F., and Yvonne Mary Hewetson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. St. G. Hewetson, of 29, Prince's Gate Court, S.W.7, and Danebury, Burley, Hants., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. George Levis, of Pottergate, Lincoln

Keane — Moore

Lieut. (A.) Stanley Keane, R.N., and Ethel Katherine Moore, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Harold A. Moore, of Beechwood, Cookham Dean, Berks., were married at Cookham Parish Church. He is the son of the Rev. Francis and Mrs. Keane, of Swilland Rectory, Ipswich, Suffolk

Barker — Terry

Anthony Barker, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Barker, of Brasted, Kent, and Sheila M. Terry, elder daughter of the late J. E. Harold Terry, and Mrs. Terry, of Luccombe Hill, Shanklin, I.O.W., and Greenavon, Bray, Berks., were married at St. Michael's, Bray

King-Farlow — Pirie

2nd-Lieut. Hugh St. D. N. King-Farlow, R.A.S.C., younger son of Sir Sydney and Lady King Farlow, of St. Martin's, Jersey, and Leura Margaret Pirie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Galloway Pirie, of Caverhill Lodge, Purley, Surrey, were married at Caxton Hall Register Office

Fletcher — Gardiner

Alfred William Fletcher, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Fletcher, of Glan Aber, Abergele, North Wales, and Olive Daphne Gardiner, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gardiner, of Tanner's Pool, Lymm, Cheshire, were married at Lymm Parish Church

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Yanks, Finns and Ladies

By V. S. Pritchett

One of the chief charms of the American character is its fraternal benevolence. If a man tricks you he tricks you as a brother; and it is as a brother that you double-cross him in return. It is significant that the country which gave us the sly duels of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit should also have given us that essay in international unction which now stands abandoned at Geneva. A new book of William Saroyan's stories, *Peace, It's Wonderful* (Faber; 8*s.* 3*d.*), illustrates this moral whimsicality. He combines the simple melancholy of the immigrant with the uplift of the pioneers, and it is the essence of Saroyan's art that the two don't quite meet. The cake is only half-baked and he makes you feel sad and laugh about the half-baked cake. Take the Japanese who caused a row at the Europa Club because he swallowed flies:

"He told them he had swallowed the fly because he was going crazy from loafing. . . . He had no labour to perform in the world, he said sadly. They asked what labour he wished to perform, and he said he wished to plant and care for strawberries. They told him the season for the growing of strawberries was ended long ago. He said he knew that."

And in a story like "1924 Cadillac for Sale" you get the thunderstruck American uplift. Some Filipino boys have dumbfounded a junk-car salesman by working at an old wrecked Packard until they make it go. The salesman breaks into a song of David: "And don't think it's the car. Don't ever think it's machinery. It's people. It's America, the awful energy of the people. . . ."

Saroyan is a profound humorist, the softy poet of the streets who digs a psalm out of a police-court item. In *The Love Kick* he is crying out that Clip Rye did Miss Pfister no injury when he kicked her in the street, but on the contrary, made a noble contribution to her love life. He is in and out of bars making jingles of the talk he has heard, turning news like Munich into a refrain of folk-lore: "Peace. What is dis stuff?" Manuel, the pool shark, says. "Everywhere I go everybody saying Peace," he says. Like jesting Pilate, he does not wait for an answer but takes a couple of girls out for the evening. He returns. "It was all lousy," he said. "What is dis stuff?"

The success story comes from America, of course. *Country Lawyer*, by Bellamy Partridge (Harrap; 10*s.*), is an anecdotal account of his father's small-town legal practice in New York State in the '80's. The young Partridges used to sit round the table at night copying out the deeds and affidavits, rather like the unfortunate Tolstoys copying out their daily dose of *War and Peace*. The law (at a distance) is an engaging ass and Mr. Partridge, senior, got some fun out of it; not the roystering blarney of the Irish Bar, of course, but some good moments of long-nosed Yankee pawkiness. His most startling case occurred after the Presbyterians in the town had, with alarming success, prayed for rain during a drought. The prayer dislodged a downpour from on high, including, however, a thunderbolt, which fired a haystack. The owner sued the Almighty for damages, through His agent, the Presbyterian minister; but lost the case, as although the defence admitted praying for rain, they took no responsibilities for extras! This book is a good deal more than a string of anecdotes; it is a charming evocation of a sedate, amusing and crochety period.

Priestley at Oxford

J. B. Priestley has evacuated himself to the home of lost causes and Morris Motors, and swoops from there on to the English theatre with threefold darts. "The Long Mirror" opened at the Oxford Playhouse last week, appeared to be a typical Priestley mixture of theatre and metaphysics, will come to London after a tour. Soon after this, rehearsals for his "Bull Market" will start, a piece about a valet and a chambermaid; and the third play, "Ever Since Paradise," is designed for Ralph Richardson, and will therefore have to wait some time — Richardson being in the Fleet Air Arm

The Finns are strong meat after this mild Americana. *The House of Markku*, by Unto Seppänen (Duckworth; 10*s.*), is of the earth very earthy. Indeed, I'm afraid the author has committed a saga within the meaning of the Act. The Markkus are a full-blooded family of freed serfs whose biceps swell, whose ploughs rip the furrows, who tear up handfuls of earth, skin or human hair in their frenzies and then cry like babbling brooks when they come round. The war comes, then the Russian revolution and the civil war—this has been drastically cut, the translation having been made from an abridged German edition—and the final young descendant of the original Markku, who lived in a world of "blinding" lusts and "shining" rapes, murders and childbirth in the cowshed, is taking a respectable course at the University in Helsinki. The Irish might compete with all this muscular proliferation, this smell of the furrow and jubilation of bodily sweat with powerful scenic accompaniment from stream and forest; one cannot deny Mr. Seppänen's force, and one envies him his epical handling of the Ten Commandments in their broken form. We know that the Finnish Lutherans are remarkable people, but do they really fit into the monstrous conventions of the arty peasant novel? The real interest of the book for us is that it gives a vivid picture of the Finnish background and is well worth reading for that.

Miss E. M. Delafield continues her domestic audacities in *The Provincial Lady in War Time* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and reminds the kind of people who have suffered nothing in this war—people like ourselves—Of What We Have Been Through:

"Affairs in Germany, in Uncle A's opinion, are rapidly approaching a crisis and that unhappy fellow is in what is vulgarly known (though surely only to Uncle A?) as The Mulligatawny."

Miss Delafield catches every idiotic word we have said about the war and then serves it up to us cold—very cold:

"I learn that Our Vicar's wife has Got Help at last—which sounds spiritual but really means that she has found A Girl from a neighbouring parish who isn't, according to Mrs. A, not anyways what you 'd call trained but thought not to mind being *told*."

The Mass Observers ought to comb this book.

The *Two Novelettes*, by Quite a Gentleman (Sidgwick and Jackson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), are a pair of original jokes which go flat from time to time but revive in such moments as "La femme," said M. Victor traditionally, "est toujours une mystère. La femme——"

(Concluded on page 344)

Rich man poor man...

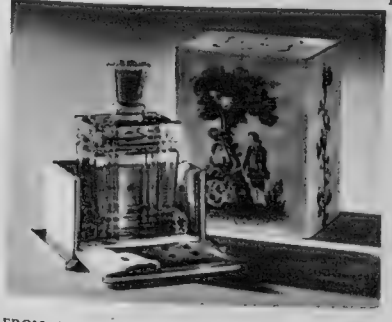
MEN may be apostles of cold reason in their dealings with men. With women their senses take command.

That is why the wise woman chooses her perfume with such care, and wears it always.

She knows that perfume speaks a language no logic can — or need — explain.

She knows that while lovely frocks, stylish hair and perfect make-up can make her admired, the right perfume will make her desired.

Beautiful women know that beauty by itself is not enough.



Fine perfume alone can change mere physical beauty into warm, pulsating desirable Life. That is why, all down the ages, they have sought out rare fragrances, choicest and most costly of the parfumeur's art.

In the luxurious world of today, Coty create perfumes more rare and lovely than any of antiquity. And of all Coty perfumes, there is none more thrillingly alluring than Le Vertige. As shown on the left, this glorious perfume costs 22/6. There are, of course, many other sizes.

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LE VERTIGE
The Ideal Gift

FROM ALL THE BEST PERFUMERY AND BEAUTY COUNTERS AND THE COTY SALON, 2 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

(Continued from page 342)

"Oh, do be quiet, Victor," said his wife. "And you just naturalised."

Wistery, whose hair was the colour of "fairish mice," was a frightful, submerged, best-selling authoress who gave people claret and Kia-Ora cocktail at her parties and who offered sandwiches to people who knew the right people. The two tales do not escape Wistery's archness and her artiness, but they are spitting with the right kind of cattiness.

"ELIZABETH'S" *Mr. Skeffington* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*) is subtle light comedy. Fanny, a fifty-year-old malade imaginaire divorced from her husband these many years, and whose sagging skin is well known to the beauty specialists, makes a sentimental return journey via her long list of ex-lovers and, like most sentimental journeys, it is full of shocks. The cat purrs but the saucer of milk is not put down. Edward, it is true, risked a proposal and shook her passionately. Too passionately: Fanny's curls fell off. ("Oh, I get my hair at Harrods.") This is a witty, intelligent and very female book, and its surprising and macabre end is the proper retort courteous to Fanny's frivolity.

IN addition, the following novels look interesting:

Mr. Moonlight's Island. By Robert Dean Frisbie. (Heinemann; 9*s.* 6*d.*)

Mandragora. By John Palmer. (Gollancz; 8*s.* 3*d.*)

Asylum Piece. By Anna Kavan. (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

A Man of Forty. By Gerald Bullett. (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

● Keep his hands and feet warm by knitting, yes, and his cigarette-case full, but what about the boredom of a deadlocked war? There is no better antidote, we believe, than the "Bystander." And to all Servicemen in France or at sea this paper can be sent at the reduced rate of 10s. for three months, 19s. 6d. for six months. Send us your remittance and his name, rank, and regiment, and he will bless you weekly

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, Hazelwood, Hunton Bridge, King's Langley, Herts., *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

MARCH

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

"O To Be In Deutschland!"

(Continued from page 324)

MAY DAY dawned bright and clear; the birds were issued with special song cards; all Aryan cows were decorated.

"You must wake and call us early, call us early, Führer, dear," Ribbentrop and Goebbels had said to their host as he drew the pretty dimity curtains with their old-fashioned flammenwerfers design across the window. And indeed, they all had to wake betimes, for there was much to do. There was the feast to prepare—simple but excellent fare of pâté de cheval maigre, turnip fritters and acorn coffee; then the Maypole to erect, with its gay, synthetic ribbons. Lastly, there was THE SURPRISE.

"Where can they be going?" chorused the happy party, as they watched Ribbentrop and Goebbels leaving the verandah of Hitler's cosy, bullet-proof home.

An hour later they knew. Amidst cheering crowds which lined the garlanded road to the Bahnhof, Joachim and little Jupkin, their faces flushed with triumph, themselves drew the new May Queen in a flower-bedecked tank to the village green.

"Here, beloved Führer," they cried, "here is our surprise!"

The tank door opened and out stepped the dainty figure of Stalin, smiling shyly, his moustache interwoven with primroses and cuckoo-flowers. No wonder the crowd roared! Then suddenly the cheer died away and they gazed aghast at their Führer, who was rolling on the ground.

"First the Ukraine and now this!" he howled. "That man gets everything I want!" and he bit another substantial chunk out of the May Queen's tank.

Pain after Meals

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without pain and discomfort afterwards? That is because acid turns your food tough and you cannot digest it. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve the acidity at once and your stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease.
Your indigestion has vanished and need never return. Get a tin of Tablets now and prove this at your next meal.

Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. *and* 1/-. *Also family sizes,* 2/- *and* 3/6. *Obtainable everywhere.*

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS
SLIP A 6D BOX IN YOUR POCKET OR BAG

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

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Snub-nosed little Oxford to make your foot look absurdly small. For a town-and-country life . . . to live in . . . to loaf in . . . made of rough and smooth sides of superior calf skin . . . in country colours. For as little as 39/9 in leading stores and shoe shops.

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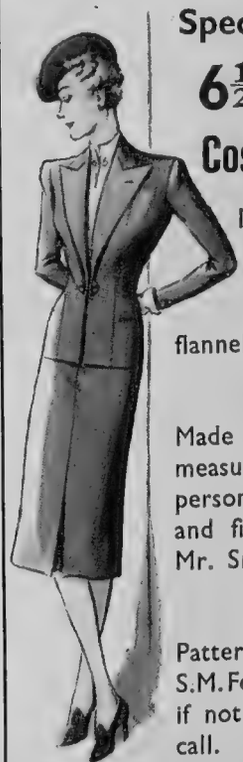

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In all the new art shades, checks, flannels, etc.

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Patterns with S.M. Form sent if not able to call.

Only Address:
55 South Molton St., W.1

It's up to us women to keep bright . . .

. . . and funnily enough a new hat, a frock, a pair of shoes or a handbag acts like a tonic in banishing the "blues." At Marshall & Snelgrove's we have hosts of tonic "tips."

If you're away in the country and have to shop from "picture and print," drop a note in the post asking for new folders which give up-to-the-minute news of the stocks.

For that important luncheon "date" wear this Pure Silk Printed Crêpe-de-Chine Dress. It comes in all kinds of devastating multi-coloured prints and hip sizes 38 to 43. In these days when economy is important it is interesting to note that it costs only ninety-eight shillings and sixpence.

Many other up-to-the-minute suggestions are to be found in our Inexpensive Gown folder sent free on request.

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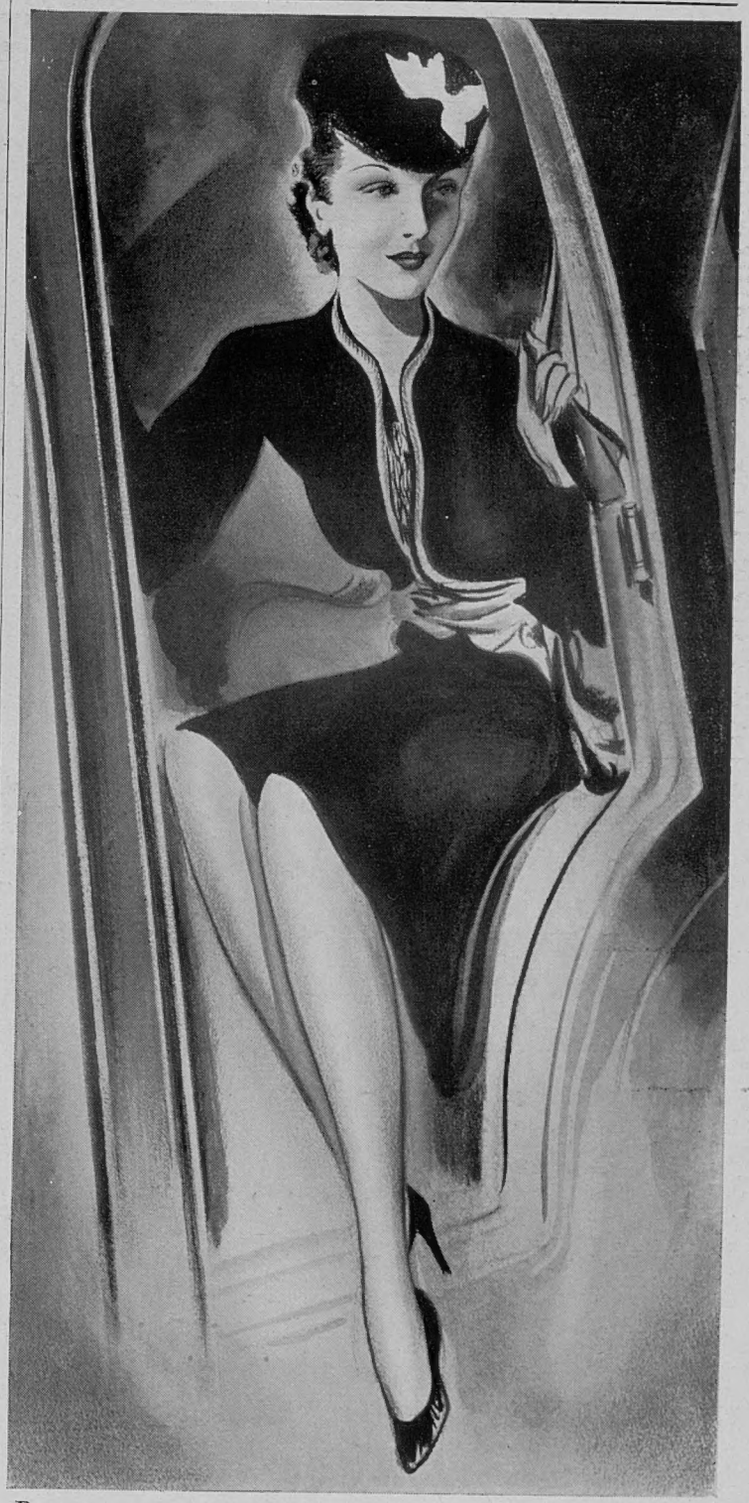
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.



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Leda C — Fine 4-thread stocking, silk to top with lisle strengthened feet 5/11

Leda 3 — Hard wearing, service weight, 6-thread stocking, silk throughout with lisle feet and tops - - 6/11

Leda 4 — An excellent new medium weight silk stocking with lisle feet and tops 5/6

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Sanity Fare

(Continued from page 337)

longer it is delayed the less daunting it becomes for us. If there is any means of enabling the Finns to hold without dangerously exposing ourselves, we should seize it.

But if the Nazis and Bolshevists together overrun Scandinavia, and come face-to-face with us, that great joint attack will come which Germany will never make on us unaided.

Communist Cat's-paw

ANOTHER thing about which not even the dawn of understanding has yet been reached in this country is that Germany, whose wiliest trick was to found the anti-Comintern group, regards not only the Red Army, but also Communism, as a military weapon potentially powerful in her cause. She knows the disintegrating value of it, for she introduced into Russia that which we know as Communism—a political racket predominantly inspired and controlled by those whom our incorrigibles teach us to regard as frustrated democrats and the victims of persecution. I reported recently that Communist propaganda in the Balkans is now directed from Vienna! Now, Germany is financing Communist propaganda in Holland, Switzerland and Belgium.

This is not dangerous at present, but could become so in the later stages of an exhausting and merciless war. I have evidence that some aliens admitted to this country as "fugitives from Hitlerist persecution," who jubilantly applauded the war for the liberation of their alleged homelands when it began, within a few days, on receipt of instructions from Moscow, changed their attitude, began to talk of this as an "imperialist war," and of the future of the country they had left—Austria, in this case—as belonging inseparably to that of Grossdeutschland!

I have before called attention to this evil, and an attentive study of the daily Press shows that it is gaining much ground. One manifestation of it is the special military formation of those-who-long-to-serve-us, and who are enrolled against a pledge that they will not be sent to the front, though British citizenship looms in the offing as their reward. Similarly, when all doors to employment were thrown open, the pretence was still maintained that jobs would not be given which natives of this harassed country could fill, and this alleged principle is daily being betrayed; I have a bulky dossier of fantastic cases. I know of Britishers who have spent ten, twenty and thirty years in Germany and Austria whose knowledge and experience are lying fallow while favoured musclers-in barnacle themselves on to British armchairs.

Aerial Postman

Through the night sky of Germany roars the R.A.F., and as the reconnoitrers approach the cities, the "postman" drops his leaflets into the chute to the reconnaissance flare doors, finally delivering his shower of propaganda by pushing the lever (right) across to "open"

Branksome Challenge Foursomes Golf Tournament

Unaffected by the war, this convivial annual event takes place on Saturday and Sunday, March 16th and 17th. Eighteen-holes handicap on Saturday, in which ladies can play if partnered by a man; thirty-six-holes scratch and four-ball event on Sunday. Mr. C. C. Roberts, of Parkstone G.C., chairman of the Dorset County Golf Union, is the organiser. Competitors, of course, stay at the Branksome Tower Hotel.

Motoring Commentary

What About a Little Motoring?

By "Spare Wheel"

THE shadow of the worst six months in the history of motoring—worse than the worst of the 1930 depression—is passing. Taxation and, still more, the fuel rationing brought hundreds of businesses to the verge of ruin and beyond it, and nearly half the cars in the land were driven off the roads. Motoring was as near dead as it could be in these still-uninvaded islands. Now there is a change. Already, it seems, the worst is over. Cars which had been laid up since September or Christmas are already licensed and in commission again. Great Portland Street is busy buying and selling again. Easter is at hand and the motor trade dares to think, and to predict, that by Easter not so far short of the normal number of cars—say, 2,000,000 out of the 2,300,000 registered when war started—will be in use again. It will be a much limited use, about a quarter of the normal, but still the cars will be in being and their owners motoring again.

And what is the evidence that makes the motor dealers so confident? It seems that even before March 1st people who found that they couldn't get on any longer without a car had notified their garages and storage places that they would want to re-license at the beginning of the month, and not wait for the beginning of the second quarter for fear of missing the Easter break. Once the black-out had lost its terrors and summer-time brought the suggestion of longer days, the lack of a car became unbearable.

By the middle of February, too, the demand for cars, never entirely dead, was alive and active, in spite of, or possibly stimulated by, rising prices. Morris and Austin, and most of the other makers still turning out cars, have now put up their prices by ten per cent., and this, of course, has correspondingly enhanced second-hand prices. But the latter have actually increased more than ten per cent. Good, small cars, especially those with low mileage to their debit, are said to be fetching higher prices than before the war. There is also the fact, well appreciated by the shrewd, that the present stocks of new cars up to 12 or 14 h.p. will not last long, and that further deliveries will not be readily forthcoming, nor, probably, be at present prices. So a good buy now is likely to turn out a good investment.

IT may also turn out a wise move to have re-licensed the laid-up car in advance of the quarter. There are decided complications about Easter motoring this year. Everybody interested presumably knows by now that as Good Friday is March 22nd the Minister of Transport has agreed to allow second-quarter licences to be taken out on March 21st instead of on March 25th as usual, the fee for this gracious concession being an extra 10s. if the car's annual tax amounts to £30 or more, and 5s. for the rest.

This sounds all serene, but for anyone who seriously wants his car over Easter it leaves very little margin for error. You can't license a new car or one that has been laid up, through the post office; it must be done through the local taxation offices, which means, for almost everybody, doing it by post. But the local taxation officer, if careful about anything, is careful not to let anyone get a licence in advance of the proper date. That is to say, he is going to be darned careful that you don't get your licence before March 21st, and as he will have several hundreds—probably thousands—of licences and registration-books, plus insurance certificates, to dispatch the last thing on March 20th, you can see there is no small possibility of some of the packets not reaching the addressees on the following day.

Well, the licence being late would be no heart-break, but these days the licence is not the only essential bit of red tape. Licences will get you nowhere if you have no petrol, and you can't get petrol without a ration-book—and you can't get a ration-book unless you can produce the registration-book. So no holiday for you—at any rate, by car—unless you get your licence and registration-book from the taxation office before the post offices which issue the ration-books close on Thursday evening, March 21st.

I may say that I foresaw this little imbroglio and got the R.A.C. to ask the Ministry of Transport if it wasn't possible for the licences as well as the rations to be issued by the post offices. The Ministry saw the point, but after consultations and conferences decided that it couldn't be done. It would mean that the post office clerks would have to calculate not merely the amount of the licence but add to it the charge for the early licence, and it is a sort of understanding that post office clerks collecting revenues for other Government departments are never to be expected to do any calculating. Thus only renewals can be taken out through the post office; never a new licence, whether annual or quarterly.

Reminded that it had taken some of the county councils five weeks and more to complete all the licence business at the New Year, the Transport Ministry promised that everything possible would be done to avoid delays, and they suggested that motorists should be pressed to apply well in advance. If you have done that I think you can feel fairly safe about getting licence and petrol ration-book in time for the holiday.

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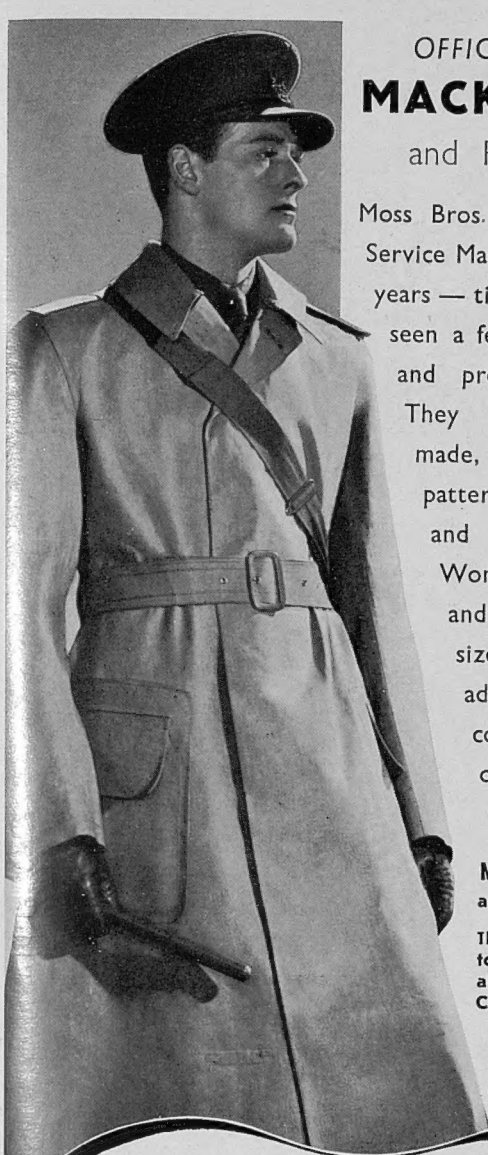

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